



# MODERN MARTYRS

They Are as Heroic as Those in the Days of Old.

## YET, WHAT IS MANLY COURAGE?

Where the Soldier and the Savage Have Fallen of Perfect Gallantry—The Recent Experiences of Some American Missionaries—Abbe Huc's Journey.

What is courage?

Who can answer the question, or set the boundary line which shall mark the end of bravery and the beginning of cowardice?

I have seen a redskin—big! The Swimmer, a chief of the Ogallala tribe of the Dakota nation—very loudly with the toothache, weep long tears and tremble like a leaf at the approach of Indian Agent Ir-



J. E. JADERQUIST.

win, who was armed only with the weapon of relief, a pair of forceps. Yet, not many moments before, this same brave had performed a deed no less heroic than that which makes immortal as the world the name of Leonidas and the sublime self-sacrifice of Marathon.

Fleeing northward before the victorious Cossacks hunting party of Sioux, cumbered by women and children, crossed the broad and treacherous Platte at one of its infrequent fords. Close on the trail pressed the triumphant and relentless band of hereditary enemies. If they too passed the stream before the sun went down no hope remained for the fugitives. It was a terrible crisis, and the man to meet it was The Swimmer. Supplied with the available firearms of his friends he held the ford single handed against awful odds, saved the band and escaped himself, bleeding from a score of knife and bullet wounds. Yet in after years this grim veteran, this savage stoic who counted life well lost if lost for honor's sake, cried with a toothache,

I also know a man who won his way during the progress of the civil war from the obscure grade of a volunteer private to the rank of general, and who at present holds a commission in the regular army of the United States. None ever did more glor-



C. L. HELMICK.

ously than he on the field of battle, or gained more fairly the reward due to daring combined with skill. Yet—for financial difficulties are familiar to him—the sight of an approaching creditor will cause his bronzed cheek to blanch, and send him scurrying into the nearest doorway or around the most convenient corner.

On the other hand I have in my time made the acquaintance of people who would turn pale at the sight of blood, and act the unmerited abuse in craven fashion. Yet these same persons—I have in mind the smallpox scourge at Chicago and the almost coincident ravages of the yellow fever in the south years ago—did undaunted and unpaid for work in the pest houses of the Garden City of Illinois and in the stricken and desolate homes of Memphis.

All of which brings us back to the unsolved query at the beginning of this article—What is courage?

Recent developments, as well as the records of past endeavor, almost induce me to assert that its highest type—if an attribute has a type—exists in the blending of the superb physical, mental and moral forces that characterize the devoted missionary. In this manner of man conviction—fanaticism some might call it—bolsters up the weakness of the flesh or the timidity of the soul. Strong in the might of conviction Mohammed proclaimed Islam,



ROY G. CODDING.

and Marquette reared the cross of Christ among the wild and wondering tribes of the American wilderness. Confident in the guidance and care of a superior power, Abbe Huc traversed the vast region of China and delved in the heresies of the Tibetan tabloid, the messianic of the church to which he owed allegiance, and equally confident and undaunted a small band of Presbyterian missionaries in New York long ago to spread the doctrines of the Protestant religion among the savage and treacherous tribes of the African souland. The party included Messrs. Charles L. H. Peck, E. Kingman, John E. Jaderquist, H. G. C. Gilling, Warren G. Harris, F. M. Gates, J. W. Tice, Mrs. Kingman and Misses Alice Dick. New scenes of misery and death that met them almost on the threshold of the Dark

Continent, or port is the secret that Gates, Kingman and Jaderquist were killed by Abbe Huc. Another conjecture is that they died of fever at some point. It is known, however, that they passed away themselves with medicines. It is therefore probable that they became victims not to savages, but to disease. According to this latter report as given in the New York Sun it does that "Blindenthal-steam has brought a tragedy to pass. These trusting people, plodding down the wilds of Africa with means of support, expecting to pick up a living somehow in regions where civilization does not exist, and with medicines whatever a precaution against the deadly climate. Perfect faith that their mission would be blessed of heaven, and that in the service of the Master food and raiment and health would be theirs, was the only capital they took for the years they hoped to spend in the Dark Continent."

"It may be that nothing would shake the confidence of these people in the efficacy of faith, but if they had taken the least pains to learn what the climate of tropical Africa really is, and to profit by the experience of others, they would have known that every white sojourner in Africa prizes the remedies for warding off fever as more precious than gold. But these zealous young missionaries were not destined to perish in the bush, for disease laid them on beds of suffering before they got away from the civilization of Sierra Leone."

"It seems reasonable to discredit the report that three members of the party have been killed in the interior, because Mr. Kingman, who is mentioned as one of the victims, was too ill to go inland. It may possibly be true, however, and in that case six members of this rashly undertaken expedition have given their lives for naught. It is more likely, however, that the rumors of a massacre have been evolved in some way from the death of three of the missionaries at Sierra Leone."

But whether slain by Arabs or the victims of disease, the friends of these ardent missionaries have at least good reason to claim that they showed unlimited courage.

Nearly of the same nature with the pluck shown by the young voyagers to the

headquarters, where various trophies of criminal hunting are kept.

In one case is the complete set of tools used in the Manhattan bank robbery. They are artistically arranged and crowned by the photograph of Jimmy Hope's sulky, desperate face.

Next to this is the most gruesome collection in the room. Each particular hair stood on end as I looked at the black cap that have about out the last sight of earth from the gaze of those about to die, and the fantastically coiled nooses that have strangled "Handsome Harry" Carleton, Nolan, Packenham, Chastine Cox, Danny Driscoll and many others. In this case too is the picture of poor Rachel Pittman, and underneath it the pair of carpenter's compasses which took her life. Here, too, are the boxing-gloves used by Sullivan and Tug Wilson, and just above them the picture of Blinky Morgan, who was hanged in the Columbus, O., penitentiary for the murder of Detective Hulligan, of Cleveland.

Next this case is a choice collection of pistols, knives, sandbags, sword canes, slung shots, brass knuckles and stilettos. Many of these weapons have been found upon criminals after they have escaped from prison and have been rearrested. One, a curious and ingenious combination of pocket knife and atletto, was found on Charles O'Connell, alias Harding, the handsome young "bank sneak" recently sentenced by Recorder Shayle to fifteen years' imprisonment. When the detectives were searching him after his recapture they found also in the end of his necktie a bunch of keys which would unlock any handcuffs in existence. The keys and knife hang side by side.

In the center of this large, desolate chamber of horrors stands a rouge et noir table, which one of these days, in the presence of the police commissioner, the chief inspector and citizens representing various charitable and reform societies, will be smashed, broken to bits and destroyed by fire, as the statute provides. It will then be replaced by fresh seizure in the shape of roulette or rouge et noir layouts. With a hasty glance at the keno and faro layouts, the markers and poker chips, the packages of "green goods," which have been seized from time to time, I turned to take a look at the large portrait of a very benevolent looking old gentleman which hangs between the windows.

"That is Unger," said my guide—"Unger who killed Bowles, cut him into pieces and sent his body in a trunk to Baltimore minus the head, which he wrapped in a paper and tossed into the East River. The picture below represents the body as it lay upon a slab down stairs. There was absolutely nothing to identify it, save a crooked little finger, and yet within three hours after the body was discovered in Baltimore Inspector Byrnes had the murderer. That was one of the finest pieces of work ever done by the inspector. Just below you see the razor, hammer and saw with which the murder and dissection were done."

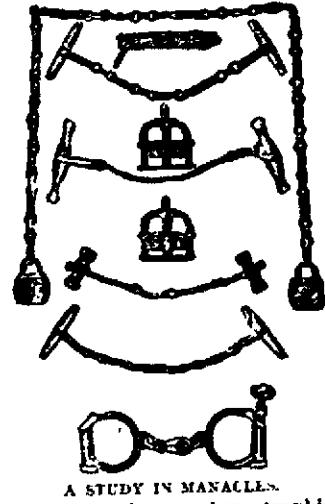
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"The most revolting crime ever under my inspection," he said as we parted. "Surely nothing could be worse than the Unger Bowles tragedy. That's about as bad as they make them."

## THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS.

What a Visitor to New York Police Headquarters Saw.

The other day, by permission of Inspector Byrnes, I visited the celebrated chamber of horrors at the New York City police



A STUDY IN MANACLES.

headquarters, where various trophies of criminal hunting are kept.

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## W. MAN'S WILES.

How the Modern Adventures Exists and Prospects.

### THE GULLIBILITY OF MANKIND.

One Disillusioned Victim Revenges Himself by Committing Murder—The Shrewd Tricks of Mrs. Peck and Mrs. Stanley—Mrs. Lynch's Career.

As adventures.

What a world of meaning those two words convey to the mind of a man who has "gone through the mill;" who has succumbed to the magic of bright eyes or the seduction of a plausible tongue, who has parted with money and oftentimes with reputation at a woman's behest and learned too late that the object of his regard, idol at first or adorer of his wealth and leave him swindled and without redress.

And what a variety of female rascals Nineteenth century civilization has produced! There, for example, is the woman



HELEN JEWETT.

who rents a boarding house furnished in elegant style, secures a number of wealthy patrons, weaves a romance of sudden distress, collects pay for meals at lodgings in advance, borrows various sums to "make up a certain amount," and then vanishes leaving a hard-earned landlord and the trustee tenants to settle the affair among themselves. There also is the "beautiful and susceptible maiden" (like the one recently exposed at New York), who finds the management scheme a good source of livelihood.

The girl referred to was under promise of marriage at the same time to six young men who showered her with presents and help, slight trouble in securing her acceptance of cash gifts whenever she chanced to be shopping and had "left her purse at home." It did not appear for a while why the young woman failed to wed at least one of her admirers, but after the crash it developed that she was already a wife and shared with her husband the trophies of his conquests. Swindler; with comparatively an easy matter, but with a whole world regard for consequences she drew the line at bigamy.

It isn't always safe, however, to trifle thus with a man's affections. If he chances to be jealous, hot headed or carless of con-

cerning him.

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### EDITH SESSIONS TUPPER.

Barber Tannrath's Famous Razor.

Fritz Tannrath, a barber, of Chicago, possesses two claims to distinction. He studied surgery and dentistry at Leipzig, and received a degree which entitles him to write M. D. after his name. He also owns a razor that was made a century ago and that according to Fritz's statement "has been used on the greatest men in the world." It has scraped the chin of Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Herder, and when but a lad of 14 Mr. Tannrath was permitted to ship it over the fat face of Abbe Lasz. It has been used also on the beards of the Prince of Wales, Tom Sayers, and Heinan. The barber-dentist doctor has resided in America for over a quarter of a century, and on occasion—that is, when a favorite customer—brings in—brings the famous razor and shows its merits by allowing white hair to be the proudest of its proudest.

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## SHE SAVED TWO LIVES.

THE SPLENDID DEED THAT BROUGHT FAME TO BRAVE BERTHA BOYD.

A Thrilling and Authentic Narrative of Woman's Daring—The Modest Heroine Rewarded by Her Government—A Canadian Grace Darling.

Courtesy of American Press Association.

The lighthouse, the pretty white light house on the ledge, stimulated an interest.

Everyone on the St. Croix knows "the ledge," and knows the awful tales of shipwreck and death which used to current among the river folk before the government colonized the lighthouse there. The river flows swiftly over sunken rocks, some



"I CAN'T SEE ANYTHING."

of them dangerously near the surface, and before the days of the light a boat passing the ledge during a storm was likely, as it is even yet, to strike upon the rocks and go to the bottom before aid could reach it.

But to-night, as has been said, the lamp was trimmed and burning, and the light keeper's wife, Mrs. Boyd, who, during her husband's long absences at sea attended to the light, sat in her little sitting room with her two daughters beside her, rejoicing in the warmth and comfort there, for though there was little wind it was bitter cold and very dark without.

"Oh, dear," said Mary, the younger girl. "I almost froze my fingers to-night bring in the wood." If it is like this in October, when will it be in January?"

"But father will be at home then, we hope, and maybe Brother John," said Bertha, the elder daughter.

"I can't help hoping that my children will never marry sailors," sighed Mrs. Boyd. "It is terrible to feel, as I do every day, that one's husband and son are exposed to awful dangers—perhaps dying or dead—and so far away!"

"Besides it would be so very nice to have them at home all the time," suggested Bertha practically. "Don't you suppose, mother, that my father will get tired some time of following the sea?"

"I'm afraid not. He understands a seaman's work better than any other, and he gets uneasy if he stays long on shore."

Mrs. Boyd shook her head wearily. It is well enough to sing inspiring songs about "A life on the ocean wave," and "The sailor's wife's star shall be," but there are cruel facts in the case which no romance can quite cover.

They all sat silent after Mrs. Boyd's last words. The sigh with which they had been accompanied had quite gone to the girls' hearts.

Suddenly there came a distant but piercing cry through the stillness.

"What is that?" they all exclaimed together, dropping their work to listen. Mary rushed to the window and looked out.

"I can't see anything," she declared, after straining her eyes into the darkness for a few moments. "Seems to me I never saw so dark a night. Every cloud could not have been blacker at the time of the plague."

Again that heartrending cry came from over the water, followed by a sound of men's voices, as if in agonized struggle and agony.

"I wouldn't wonder if it were a party of men from St. Stephen or St. Andrew, who have been taking a sail for pleasure and have been caught in the darkness."

Bertha had thrown a shawl over her head while her mother had been speaking and had gone to the door.

"They are in trouble, whoever they are," she said now, returning excitedly. "Hark, mother, hark!"

The girl's pale face showed that she was greatly agitated. She felt that a contest was going on between life and death at their very door.

"Mother of God, save us! Mother of God, save us!" came in desperate accents from over the wide river.

"Oh, I can't stand that!" cried Bertha Boyd with dilated eyes and with every nerve quivering. "Mother, I wish my father and John were at home, but seeing they are not, I've got to go and help those poor drowning men."

Bertha Boyd was 19, and strongly built. She had been accustomed to the water

since her birth.

HER STOUT HEART CLEARED HER from her birth, and knew as well as a man how to handle a boat. But her mother looked at her now in consternation.

"What do you mean?" she cried sharply.

"I mean," said the girl, beginning to make herself ready, "that I am going to take my boat and try to find those poor men."

"Oh, no!" cried Mrs. Boyd, wringing her hands in distress. "you are too young, Bertha—you are not strong enough. Those men are wild with terror. They may upset your boat and drown you! I can't let you."

"But you must, mother," said Bertha firmly, while Mary, too, began with

trembling hands to put on her own warm jacket and mittens.

"I can't do it with Bertha, if she will go, mother," she said simply.

The mother's tears fell fast, but she could not let her brave girl, in the face of such a fierce spirit as theirs, to at least make an effort to help these fellow creatures in the extremity of human anguish, and yet she felt that her dear girl might be going forth to their death.

It seemed an hour to Bertha Boyd, though in reality it was but a few minutes before she could get her warm outside wraps on, and launch her boat into the river. Then Mary turned back. She felt that she was large and strong enough to be of great help to her sister, but the pitcher blackness of the night, and the biting cold dismayed her. Sobbing with terror she sprang from the boat and rushed back to her mother's side.

But the stout heart of Bertha Boyd, full of the proud consciousness of duty, and of the support of a higher power, upheld her as she pushed her little craft off into the trackless night, guided only by the sound of those despairing cries.

Dip, dip went the oars under Bertha's practiced hands. The two anxious watchers shivering upon the shore could see nothing, and soon the roar of the waters and the awful shrieks of the imperiled men drowned the sound of the oars. In a marvelously short time the cries stopped, and in that brief moment, however, Bertha had rowed more than half across the broad St. Croix.

"She has reached them!" ejaculated Mrs. Boyd. "God grant it may not be too late."

On the top of an overturned sailboat Bertha found a young man almost dead with cold and fright, but clinging for dear life. As the little skiff came up beside him he managed to slip into it, but he was so stiff with cold and so beside himself with fright that he could be of little assistance in rescuing his companion.

This was an older man and very heavy, who was in the water and holding with a rapidly weakening grip to the side of the boat. His feet were entangled with ropes in such a way that it seemed at first impossible to free them, but by working as fast and as intelligently as she could, and with a little help from the younger man, Bertha at last was able to drag the older man also into the boat.

Then she pulled for the lighthouse on the ledge.

"I never experienced," says Mrs. Boyd, "so long an hour as it was from the time Bertha left us till she came back, and when she drew up to shore with her burden how we shouted for joy. One of our neighbors had come up while Bertha was gone, and after we had given the rescued men something hot to revive them he took them to his home and gave them dry clothes. They were the most grateful creatures you ever saw. It almost seemed as though they were crazy with thankfulness."

"And Bertha?" You ask was she not ill after her terrible exposure?

"No; she was thoroughly chilled, of course, and her nerves were a good deal unstrung, but we took the best of care of her, and she was not made ill."

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# The Marion Daily Star.

Published Every Evening Except Sunday

By W. C. HARDING.

TERMS:  
By Mail.....\$4 per Year in Advance  
Delivered by Carrier.....10 Cts. per Week

## EIGHT PAGES.

SATURDAY, - - AUGUST 23.

The new German paper, the Marion Deutsche Presse, issued its initial number Thursday. The paper looks neat typographically and has a large advertising patronage that seems to insure success from the start. We presume Mr. Horn's paper is bright editorially, but we can't say so from any knowledge of what he writes. Unfortunately we can't read German.

COL. COOPER refuses to accept a congressional nomination against M. D. Harter, into whose district the gerry-mander has cast our own eloquent Cooper. We don't see why the Mt. Vernon statesman shouldn't make the race. It seems to us people over there will prefer protective tariff to cancer factories and schools for vice and crime, even if there is a large democratic majority. We are really interested over here, because we don't want any of Harter's new industries in bordering counties. By the way, Mr. Harter stands in a good position to get able instructors in his schools for vice and crime.

### COLLEGE HILL NOTES.

Miss Laura Clendenen is on the sick list this week.

Miss Lingo is attending school at the Normal this term.

The next publication of the Vidette will be out next week.

Miss Print Mason was visiting Miss Clara Yale last Monday.

J. J. Crawley has erected a fine residence at Kensington Place.

Miss Lillie Selander is rooming at Mr. Criswell's on True avenue.

Mr. Gates has put down a fine platform in front of his grocery on College Hill.

Mrs. Jones returned to her home at Richwood after a short stay at the Normal.

C. B. Merchant has graded his lawn, making quite an improvement to his property.

Mr. and Mrs. William Carroll, of Lancaster are at the home of Eli Gustin on True avenue.

Arrangements are being made for persons wanting rooms so that they can have them for forty cents a week.

Rev. A. W. Yale has received a call from the Centerville and Jamestown Baptist church, which he will accept about the first of September.

### INCUNTO MENDAX.

#### To Play at Kenton.

The Marion Tennis Club goes to Kenton next Thursday to engage in a contest with the club at that place. About twenty members of the club will go to Kenton, but only thirteen are named to handle the rackets. They are Messrs. Hane and Florence Saiter, Miss Fairfield and Miss Allie Hane, Miss Kirkpatrick and Miss Cummins; James Beatty and Tracy Allen, Alf. McNeal and Bert McNeal, Sam. Oppenheimer, Jr., and Dana Weeks. Harry Fisher will play single for the Marion club for the gentlemen and Miss Allie Hane will serve in ladies' single contests.

#### Treasures in Maine.

It is reported from Maine that buried among the clam shells at Cudl's harbor the Pejepscot Historical society recently found some rare and suggestive reminders of prehistoric times. Bones of the deer, porpoise, beaver, fox, woodchuck and some smaller carnivorous animals, birds of several kinds, including a well preserved specimen of the wing bone of the great auk, now wholly extinct, were picked up. Fragments of pottery were numerous, as well as chips of stone broken off in the manufacture of stone implements. Of implements half a dozen perfect and some broken ones were discovered. Only one piece of worked bone occurred—a broken awl. —Philadelphia Ledger.

#### Raving Crazy.

Witness—An' then Mr. Sims, that towed he was a rooster, an' strapped on a tin bun' an' went to pickin' corn with the chickens.

Probate Judge—Probably the extreme heat made him a little fugitive. He'll come out of it all right, I reckon.

Witness—Next day he wandered out on the street an' told every new comer he met that this town won't boom an'—

Spectators (in one voice)—Ravin' crazy! —Puck.

#### The Heir to Fabulous Wealth.

Baron E. de Rothschild, of Paris, is the only son of Baron Alphonse de Rothschild, head of the Parisian branch of the great bankers. He is tall and fine looking and about 23 years of age. Having finished his university course he is spending a few years in travel. For the past five months he has been seeing America. —Washington Post.

#### A Queen's Body Pickled.

The body of the Queen of Korea, who died June 4, is still kept in brine, the process of embalming being unknown to the people of that far off land. The body will be kept four or five months, according to the custom of the country, and then interred with much pomp and ceremony.—Exchange.

## AT JACOB'S WELL.

### DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF A VAST SACRED PLACES

**A Farewell to "Jerusalem the Golden."**  
Among the Tombs of Kings—Description of a Wedding Procession at Biblical Jacob's Well—An Interesting Letter by Miss Sarah.

Early on the morning of April 30 we bid farewell to "Jerusalem the Golden" and were soon at the tombs of the Kings, where we dismounted and descended into the area encircled by the tombs. Some of the tombs we could enter and some were filled with water. They are all very ancient. We did not tarry long there but journeyed on to Bethel over the same road that Jacob had taken in going from Beersheba to Haran. Of course we were shown the place where mighty overtook him and where he had the wonderful vision as he slept, and the very stones that he piled up "for a pillar." There is no doubt as to the place whatever may be thought of the stones.

Our long ride that morning had been over hills and mountains into the rich valleys with terraced hills on either side until we came to a long descent between two mountains at the foot of which in a beautiful grove of figs and olives, we found our tents pitched for the night. The place was "Ain-el-Haramiyeh" or Singil. The next morning we started for Shechem, making our first stop on the way at Shiloh where the tabernacle rested for a long time. Only an odd old structure in ruins, by the side of a small rounded hill, remains to mark the place. We rested for two hours and lunched at noon by Jacob's well, the same place where our Savior, tired of his walk through the same plain over which we had come, rested at noon-day and held conversation with the Samaritan woman. The well is in a large open field which was formerly surrounded by a stone wall, but little of which remains. The well was once very deep but is now much filled with earth and stone. Since I was there I have learned from the newspapers that the Greek church—which means the Russian government—has purchased the place and will restore it and preserve it. As this is considered to be the historic well of the scriptures, it is pleasant to think that something is to be done to preserve it from further ruins.

While resting at Jacob's well a wedding procession passed by. In advance were perhaps fifty persons on horseback shouting, blowing horns, discharging fire arms and otherwise hilariously enjoying the occasion. Following was a camel bearing the bride in a sort of box. The curtains were drawn, so that we did not see her. We were told that she was eight years old and that the bride-groom was nine years old. They had never seen each other, and all arrangements for the marriage had been made by the parents. As the bride's father was a wealthy soap dealer in Shechem the natives had on their best clothes and were out for a good time. We were told that it would remain with the husband to decide the future of the young wife. Perhaps she would remain with his parents, or if she did not suit him would likely be imprisoned for life, or put where he chose to have her.

Shechem or Nablus is about two miles from Jacob's well. From the well to the city is a gradual ascent, and in an olive grove just out of the city, at the foot of Mt. Gerizim, was our camp, and there between Ebal and Gerizim we spent Easter Sunday. Shechem is a beautiful place of about ten thousand inhabitants. The water from the mountain springs flowing under the walls is plentiful everywhere. The best houses are of stone and those of the poorer classes are mud. This is the wickedest place we had visited and was the only place where we were guarded by soldiers from the barracks. It was here also that the natives, finding that we had a physician with us, brought their children and sick to be cured, reminding us of the time when crowds followed after the Great Physician. Here, too, we saw that the women of our country were not only regarded with curiosity as to dress and appearance, but that the oriental women were made very angry when they saw the freedom with which we mingled with the people and the attention with which we were received. While attending service at the Baptist mission church we were especially attracted by the bright and attentive congregation. One feature was noticeable. They nearly all had beautiful and expressive eyes.

After we had visited the site of Jacob's habitation we went to the Samaritan Temple. Here is kept and jealously guarded an ancient manuscript of the Pentateuch, probably the oldest copy in existence. It is a matter of considerable difficulty to get a sight of it. After we had paid a liberal bribe for the privilege of looking at this treasure, the high priest brought out a manuscript roll and uncovered it, but Mr. Cronin had seen it before and objected that it was not the original and so after much parley the zomene Samaritan Pentateuch was at last uncovered to our anxious gaze and was safely photographed by one of our company, who earned a Kodak.

On Sabbath evening a few of us climbed upon a high rock below Gerizim and began singing hymns. Soon the people came running from all around and in a few minutes we had an audience of more than sixty, by actual count. They seemed to enjoy it immensely. We sang for them over an hour and by signs and words spoken to our guide they entreated us to stay longer.

The next morning we started for Jenin, stopping on our way at Samaria. This place, or what remains of it, is situated on the top of a mound-like hill, and streams of water bursting from all sides of the hills around are rushing along everywhere. Jenin is situated on the edge of the plain of Esdraelon. It is a pretty place with its stone houses and minarets with here and there palm trees rising among them. The plain of Esdraelon presents one of the finest views in Palestine. It is about fifteen miles long by twelve miles wide. Here was the battle ground of the nations for ages. The soil is very rich and is covered with the richest green. There are but few towns on the plain, but along its border, clustering in at the foot of the mountains are many villages. We rode across this beautiful plain, through to the valley of Jezreel, passing Gideon's well and through Shunem to the little Greek church at Nain, where we lunched. Shunem is a small village surrounded by groves and cactus hedges. Nain is but a short distance from Shunem and is built on the mountain side. All day we had a good view of Mount Hermon and Mount Carmel, the former rising high above all others, its summit covered with snow. After leaving Nain we had a good view of the ground on which was fought the battle of Mount Tabor, and latter a good view of Tabor itself and Endor.

In the evening we reached Nazareth where we found we were to spend the night. It was similar in appearance to the villages already described. We visited there the church of the Annunciation, the Holy Grotto, the work shop of Joseph and all the interesting places to be seen there. Shortly after leaving Nazareth we came to a plain across which stands a double knobby mountain which was the home of Hattin, or the Mount of Beatitudes, where the "Sermon on the Mount" was delivered. It is a beautiful mountain literally covered and surrounded by mountain flowers. The country about there seems to be a favorite resort for the Bedowins for we could see their black tents and their flocks on every side. We rested ourselves and our horses at the foot of these mountains while some of the men went up on the mountain, and then passing over Little Hermon we descended into a magnificent valley carpeted with flowers, and saw for the first time the Sea of Galilee. Grand old ruins of the cities which were once on their shore are to be seen here and there. We waited awhile at Tiberias for the boatmen that were to row across to Capernaum and then began our voyage. The day was calm and somewhat cloudy, the waters of the lake were a deep rich green and so clear that the stones could be seen at great depth, the surrounding mountains were rich in color with a purple tint upon their summits, while below the green foliage was dotted with little white villages, making a scene never to be forgotten. The sea is about four miles in breadth and twelve in length. Our boats were heavy old row boats each having two men or boys for rowing. Lightly dipping their oars, laughing and talking between themselves, or lazily pulling us along, we were two hours in getting to Capernaum. Landing upon the rocky shore and wandering around through the high grass and blooming oleander we came upon a few old carved ruins which is all that remains of Capernaum or Tell Hum, as it is now called. On these few stones we sat, rested and read the history of the place until the approach of night, when we again rowed out into the lake and around to Bethsaida where we found our camp. The country around there was filled with oleander in full bloom. We left next day passing the ruins of the old castle of Hazor, completely embedded in the bright yellow buttercups that spread for a mile around, making it look like a sheet of gold. But every where this country is a field of flowers. At nearly every step our horses would trample upon them. We would see the whole side of a mountain covered with red poppy, making it a perfectly crimson slope. We lunched that day at an ancient stone mill, which was very picturesque and camped at Ain-el-Mulahat or Ain-el-Balata. The day was a grand one, the whole journey being in full view of snow covered Hermon.

Setting out for Banias, the ancient Caesarea Philippi, on the next morning, we had a hard journey climbing up and down the rugged mountains. We took our lunch on the hill at Dan, under an immense oak beside a rushing stream. The country about there is full of springs and streams running in every direction. Some of them are quite large. Beside this stream while resting we sat and sang while the natives around gathered about us. Mothers came with their babies and as they seemed cleaner than those we saw in the country further south we took the babies in our arms and were soon friends with them all. We traveled that afternoon through a forest with many babbling mountain brook. It had been so long since we had seen any trees except fig and olive that we truly enjoyed it.

As we came along the head waters of the Jordan we stood watching the water as it came rushing down through the russet trees which almost covered the bed of the stream. I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful and grand, and here was Cesarea Philippi an ancient but uninteresting place, except a few pillars of the ruins that remain here. It was here among many rocks under the steep banks that we had our bath in the Jordan.

We had crossed the boundaries of Palestine that day about noon and were now so near Hermon that the night was very cold. Our next day's journey was similar to the one already described, passing over the slopes of Hermon by the way of Moedel-shan-sheh-sheh to Beit-Jenn and Kef-Haunar. As we had been detained at Jerusalem on account of the severe storms, we were compelled to travel on Sabbath morning in order to make up time. We rode twenty-one miles that morning through a delightful and well cultivated country and over the plain where Paul's miraculous experience took place on the way to Damascus. For a mile and a half before entering that lovely city of the Orient we passed through the gardens that are so famous and at last entered the city of Rivers to once more rest a few days at a hotel. MARIETTA SEARCH.

Why, So Be Right.  
"I'm a mind to try it, anyway," mused old Bradwitz over his newspaper.

"What's that? What's that, Joshua?" asked dear old Mrs. Bradwitz, as she beamed over her spectacles. "What's that you've mind to try?"

"Why, a cure for my dyspepsy, Sammie. I've just been readin' here that the Rev. John Elder cured himself of dyspepsy by livin' on one square meal a day for the last thirty years, an' he's half an' hearty today at 67."

"Now, Joshua, don't you go doin' any such foolish thing as that. I think a great deal of the cloth, an' I ain't sayin' that they don't know more'n I do, some on 'em, but if that man had been sensible an' lived like other folks it stands to reason he might have been fit for all we know."—Chicago Times.

### A Bad Scare.



Farmer (surprised by a camera fiend)—Geechaphat, I guess I'm a goner! But who'd he've thought of meetin' the sea serpent up here in Pennsylvania!—Munsey's Weekly.

### Mind Reading.

Dingus—Hello, Shadolt: How are you? By the way, Shad, have you seen that big alligator down at—

Shadolt (cutting him short)—No, Dingu, I haven't seen him, but I know what it was going to lead up to. Alligators have hides, their hides make nice leather, the leather is made up into pocketbooks, and pocketbooks hold money. I haven't a cent to spare this time. Good morning, Dingus!—Chicago Tribune.

### A Joke.

City Editor (to Funny Man, cautiously)—Say!

F. M.—That's me. What is it?  
C. E.—Want a joke?  
F. M.—Yep.  
C. E.—About Central America?  
F. M.—About anything.  
C. E. (in a whisper)—Well, don't give me away, but just announce that the Salvadorean have Guatamalan, will you?

Washington Star.

### Heart Disease.

Gus Snooks—Confidentially, doctor, what did Miss Gaygirl die of?

Doctor—Heart failure.

Gus Snooks—I thought there was something the matter with her heart when she refused my hand last winter.

Texas Siftings.

### Up in the World.

Duffer—How's Diamond getting on, Jack?

Bluffer—Splendidly! Splendidly! He has made a great hit.

Duffer—What's he doing?

Bluffer—Playing ball.—Chicago Times.

### The Merchant Did Not Mean That.

"You can get these goods cheaper if you take them in large quantities," said the merchant to the customer.

"Yes," replied the latter, "it generally is cheaper to 'take' things than to buy them."—Yankee News.

### Turning on Niagara.

Wiffles—Isn't young Giffles a person of very small experience?

Sniffles—I don't know. Why?

Wiffles—Oh, nothing, only I heard him asking Giffles the other day if his children had been making any bright remarks lately.—Somerville Journal.

### Oh! the Cruel Thing.

She (at the shore)—Why do the gulls fly so high today?

He—It's nearing the first of the month and they don't want to butt their brains out against the hotel bills coming in.—Somerville Journal.

### The Supply Never Diminishes.

Hinپurse—Dear, dear, Maria! I don't know what we are coming to or how poor folks are going to live. Ice scarce, coal scarce, small fruits scarce and prices going up every day. Dear! dear!

Mrs. T.—Well, thank heaven! there is one thing that is plentiful.

Hinپurse—And what is that, love?

Mrs. T.—Cheek.—Chicago Times.

### They Clang to Him.

"I cannot believe," she murmured, "that you have shut yourself up in a misanthropic contemplation of the world and mankind. I am sure, she went on, "that if the truth were only known some things are very near to you."

"Yes," he said as he thought of the weather, "my clothes."—Washington Post.

### A Young Woman's Will.

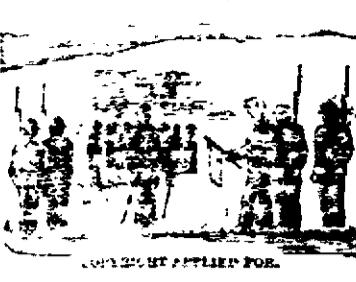
Sweet Girl (pointing)—You haven't been here before for fire engines.

Young Newfie—The last time I was here you told me never to dare call on you again.

Sweet Girl—Did I? Then you were very rude not to stay away a week.—Good News.

### A Little Linguist.

## EXHIBITION OF FISHERIES.



## BEST FURNITURE AT LOWEST PRICES.

If you are in search of some place to buy Furniture, and wish to invest your money where you will get full value for it, call on

**W.M. FIES,**

At his Main street Furniture Store, and examine his stock. He has an immense stock to select from and sells same at

**LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES!**

**WILLIAM FIES,**

Fies Kling Block, Marion, Ohio.

ANSWER TO  
"SHUTTING OUT BIRDS."  
Lay the board with the notched corner at the upper right hand. Draw line from upper left hand corner to a point three inches to the right of the lower left hand corner; then from this point to the lower right hand corner of the notch; cut on these lines and you can form a 6 1/4 inch square.

## ANSWER TO "SHUTTING OUT BIRDS."

Has been the interesting theme discussed by thousands in the past few months. I wish to interest you in a discussion. "The Site for the Fair," meaning, of course, the Ladies of Marion, is the Delightful Display of New Styles in

## LADIES' FOOTWEAR

Now on view at our store. I can fit any foot, furnish any style of Shoe and guarantee all work to be of the best. I want to

## MATCH THE CHICAGO FEAT

Of winning the World's Fair by a greater feat—winning the custom of the Fair of Marion. If I can win it can hold it by quality and price.

**JOHN H. STOLL,**  
SOUTH MAIN STREET, MARION, OHIO.

## Main Street Livery Stable.

WIELAND

VANATT

Successors to Watkins Bros., are prepared to furnish the finest turnouts in the city.

NORTH MAIN STREET.

TELEPHONE NUMBER 10.

## COAL! AT LOW PRICES

—AT—  
**L.B. GURLEY'S.**  
OFFICE, NORTH OF JAIL,  
TELEPHONE, NO. 67

## Gates of Wonderland Thrown Wide Apart!

THE TOWERING MASTADON OF TENTED SHOWS!

Reigning by right of Eminence, by right of Merit, by right of Superiority, and by Popularity Will the Exalted Rulers of the Amusement Realm.

## SELLS BROTHERS' Famous Roman Hippodrome.

THREE-RING CIRCUS, TWO ELEVATED STAGES AND FIVE CONTINENT MENAGERIE.

IN MIGHTY UNION WITH  
**S. H. BARRETT'S**  
MONSTER INTERNATIONAL WORLD'S FAIR,  
ZOOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, TRIPLE CIRCUS, METROPOLITAN MUSEUM  
AND GREAT GOLDEN MENAGERIE.

WILL EXHIBIT AT  
**MARION on** Sept, 6th.

SATURDAY

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## BILL NYE IN THE SURF.

HE HAS HIS PICTURE TAKEN IN A BATHING SUIT AND A SMILE.

Sir George Pullman's Think on the Bright and Shiny Past—Coney Island and Other Fashionable Water Places. Who Knows of Van Pelt?

(Copyright by Edgar W. Nye.)

Coney Island this season seems to be a good deal improved as to the character of its patrons. I was told that many of the tougher class had gone to Tuxedo and thus greatly increased the haut ton of the West End. I had quite a little talk with Mr. Silas Drooler, the artist and tintype impressionist of the West End, early in the week regarding this change for the better. He also says



BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

that many of the canaille of Coney Island have gone to Ocean Grove for the summer. Mr. Drooler took a tintype of me in bathing costume while I waited; I give it here with the aid of Mr. McDougal, who has so kindly volunteered before this at times to set me right before the public. Very few people look real well in a bathing costume, it seems to me, and this picture would indicate that I am no exception. Bathing in a hired chumboat with red braid on it does not give me that gentle sense of thorough ablation that I felt when in childhood. I doffed the police and, clothed in nothing but conscious rectitude and a little bag of asaferita which I wore around my neck to keep off the prairie mangle and other plagues incident to a thorough education, I plunged like a long, buff streak into the bosom of the mill pond.

"Oh, then it was glorious days," as Sir George Pullman says in his Night Thoughts. "How lean and meager is the salary we get today compared with the joy that came with freedom and health and fried mush and gentle sleep." I was speaking to Sir George about it the other day, and as he charged up a colored porter with the loss of a towel on his last trip he heaved a sigh, and looked out at window as who should say: "Ah, what recompense have wealth and position for the unalloyed joys of childhood, and how gladly today as I sit in the midst of my Oriental splendor and costly magnificence a titled foreigner with a glittering order on my breast, but chaos in my soul, and thoughtfully run my fingers through my choice but changing chin whiskers, would I give it all, wealth, fame, tide and position, for one brief, balmy, breezy day gathered from the mellow haze of the long ago, when I stood full knee-deep in the lukewarm pool near my suburban home in the quiet dell and allowed the yielding, soothing mud to squirt up between my dimpled toes."

The West End is not overrun by wealth and style or russet harnesses or clanging carriage chains, but it has an atmosphere of light melody and freedom from restraint which is real nice, I think. I won a cane there during the week by throwing rings at it. It was not an intellectual cane, but cheap, and with a very small development about the head. The more I go to Coney Island and watch the ways of West Enders and cane vendors the more I notice that the gold headed canes are so wide across the top that the rings will not bestride them. The cane I got has a nice red typewriter head on it, made of celluloid, and the stick itself is of pure red bound Weehawken malague. It only cost me eight cents, but the canes I bought and did not get cost me \$2.50.

Pop corn this year is flavored with everything as neatly as soda water and is less gummy, as a young lady from Vassar said to me on the boat as I was holding her hand for a moment while she was listening to some boat music. Speaking of boat music in New York Bay this season, I think I notice a slight improvement in that regard, several of the bands having been shot by maddened passengers and their places not yet supplied by others. One entire boat band was bitten by a mad dog in June; also in the calf of the leg, and no one has been raised up to take its place as I write. Much good may be done at times, I think, by well directed hydrophobia. A colored quartet who thought they sang on board the excursion boat which last year encircled Staten Island, daily now imagine that they are singing at South Beach. For the privilege of wading on that trip last year these men had to pay the boat a small sum. Toward autumn their wives raised it by laundry efforts. Nothing was paid in by passengers except once. An ill-guided man from Poughkeepsie who was deaf and also absent minded gave them five cents on the 18th of July, but he was observed by another passenger and the next day the body of the Poughkeepsie man was found far out to sea with an airtight steamer tied around his neck.

These colored gentlemen are dependent solely on their voices and their wives for support. If they were not permitted to obtain their livelihood by singing they would have to work. I do not dislike these musicians, but their songs, devoid of anesthetics, will kill birds by the roadside. I like good room music and will walk quite a long distance to hear it, but when it is so rank that the rest

leaves oysters turn over in their little oyster beds and mean as the boat goes, over them I think it is time to call a halt.

Many able prophets said that this year would see a great falling off in the attendance at Coney Island, but I do not notice it. It was said that other new resorts would cut into Coney Island even as the enraged and outraged surf had cut into Brighton Beach, but it is not apparent. New York needs all the breathing holes there are, and though you go to one and think that the multitude cannot be duplicated you find that it can over and over again at hundreds of other places, seaward and inland.

Good food can be had at Coney Island at a moderate price, many articles comparing favorably as to quality and tariff with those in the city. Devilish crabs and lionized potatoes especially are to be had in great profusion and at reasonable rates to all.

Mr. Anton Seidl is holding his recitals at Brighton Beach, and amidst the roar of the surf the sweet music of the orphicid and germinic may be heard. On the day I attended Mr. Seidl was in real good form. He does not play himself, but merely does the ornamental beckoning and gives the playing his general approval as it goes along.

The programme opened with an overture, which is frequently the case at such times, and was followed by a suite of dances by Brull. It was from the Ballet La Champagne, and one could almost imagine that he saw before him the graceful, lithe limbed and giddy skippers of the leg-itimate drama. Then came some soft, easy going waltzes by Gounod, Saint-Saens and other able composers. After that Mr. Seidl introduced a Hungarian rhapsody by the eminent but slightly lecherous Liszt. It was No. 12 of his rhapsodies, and Mr. Seidl kept good time to it with his little parasol handle. When the music was completed the applause of the audience mingled with that of the roaring billows outside, and then some more pieces were played with great success, closing with a selection by Nessler, called the "Trumpeter of Skowhegan," if I am not grossly mistaken. The opera from which it was taken from, as the tautologists have it, was laid on the Rhine, where it was afterward secured and utilized by Mr. Nessler. Mr. Seidl played the trumpet solo in this piece, and was recalled at its close by a red message, he being somewhere up toward the iron pier in order to give his works for him.

Mr. Seidl uses only the Chickering at his performances. He uses it by standing it in the pit over it, bearing the name in tall, gilt letters. Then at the close of the season Mr. Chickering throws off this hair blanket or sweater together with half the price and lets Mr. Seidl have the piano.

He also uses the Mason & Hamlin organ in a similar way. I lectured once in a large city for the benefit of the watermelon sufferers of Georgia, and on the programmes I found that I "only used the Chickering, erect, overstrung piano" at all my entertainments. Somebody did well out of that, but I was not in it, to use his truism from Socrates.

The time will come when a prima donna may pause between her selections while the orchestra proceeds with the interlude and, slowly but deftly removing her artificial teeth, polish them neatly on her elbow and call attention to their general good qualities and biting powers, at the same time giving the name of the maker and thus getting an extra set at the end of the season.

Mr. Informal Williams, of Ninth avenue, who has practically controlled the pretzel market at Pier One for the past season, has opened a branch at the West End and last week shipped a whole fish polo full of these toothsome victuals.

A hot Frankfurter works at South Beach, owned by Perley Dinkslabber, caught on fire last Friday week and was completely gutted.

Long Branch looks bright and smiling this season and along the ocean drive many new faces are seen. I frequently stop up, enough during the winter, to stop over at Long Branch between boats by being economical.

I like to visit the Branch each summer, and every one is glad to see me there and wonders why I cannot stay any longer. It is not because I am prejudiced against the Branch, but because I cannot afford it. Now, at South Beach I can go from my country seat at Shady-Linthurst Back-of-the-River-in-the-Sea for five cents. Carrying my own bath suit, which consists of a knitted chemise, I repair to some unfrequent portion of the shore, and after eating a hasty bite of some pure food, consisting in part of cold salt pork held in place

by Shaker flavored cakes and washed down with a beaker of old Rhenish wine from a secret vineyard of mine in the hills of Kentucky. I dispose behind an ear which I stuck up in the sand, and plunge myself with a glad, gurgling cry into the spray, while I sputter about for an hour or so, and then return to my after, where I resume work on my new almanac for 1901, and do other literary work till my soothsayer warns me that I must desist or incur the displeasure of the board of health.

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People can't be too careful in that way. A correspondent writes me from Ocean Grove to know what he shall do about collecting a slight bill of \$300 against the landlord of a boarding house there who rented a house of the writer last summer for that sum. Toward the close of the season the guests all assembled at the breakfast table one morning, and while merrily chaffing each other and such things some one asked, "Where is Mr. Van Pelt?" for that was the gentleman's name who ran the establishment. He came not till the breakfast was cold, and so several went in search of him. They went up in the garret, where summer guests had been in the habit of hanging themselves, but he was not there. His business had been profitable, so they did not see why he should suicide, unless he was leading what is called a double life, and the two families had got acquainted with each other.

However, they dragged the Atlantic ocean carefully and got a good many other curiosities, but did not get Mr. Van Pelt.

It is now over a year and the correspondent asks me to kindly mention through these columns that any one giving him any information regarding a heavy set and rather wheezy blonde male, weighing upwards of 250 pounds, with iron gray whiskers in his ears and a decided penchant for fried chicken and revivals, will confer a lasting favor upon him by communicating with said gentleman in my care. Also that any person interested who will take the trouble to come down to Ocean Grove when Mr. Van Pelt is brought back can see some fun by staying around there for a day or two while he and the tradespeople and others renew their acquaintance with Mr. Van Pelt and unravel his works for him.

*Bill Nye*

A Remonstrance Before the Party.



Claudia Nelson—Come, sistah, is yo ready?

Rhody Nelson—Yo' little brack use less yo, ef yo doan't take dat ha' down en' range it some ways different, I pull it down. I yain't gwine' be took for no twin—Judge.

Complete Surprise.

Funniman—Now there's your husband coming, Mrs. Candor. Let's make a little surprise for him. Mrs. Funniman and I will hide behind the curtains here, and you tell him that your expected guests haven't come. Then we'll step out and surprise him.

Mrs. Candor (obeying orders)—Well, John, our expected guests have disappointed us. Mr. and Mrs. Funniman haven't come.

Mr. Candor (heartily)—I glad of it. —Louisville Journal.

The Lonely Peasant.

Angry Farmer—See here! don't you know I can't afford to have my grass tramped down for the sake of a few berries? You'll have to move out of here.

Lady from the City—We are not picking berries; we are gathering a handful of these lovely, charming, golden hearted, snow-tipped, eye daisies.

Farmer—Oh, I beg your pardon. Go right ahead, and come again to-morrow and bring your relatives.—Judge.

A Star on the Singers.

"Yes," said the minster, "I have bade farewell to my congregation. I have determined to go and try convert the heathen."

"Then surely, Mr. Whanger," said the soprano reproachfully, "you won't forget to visit your choir."—Philadelphia Times.

To Get Clean.

Mother—Johnny, this is Saturday night, and you must take your bath.

Johnny—But, ma, I've been in swimmin' twice every day this week!

Mother—That's all the more reason you need a bath now.—Lawrence American.

Sweet Charity.

Johnny—Please, pa, let me have a quarter to give to a poor lame man.

Pa—Who is the poor, lame man, Johnny?

Johnny—Er—well, pa, he's the ticket seller down at the circus.—West Shore.

He Had Scrofula.

"Do you have to listen to that idiot on the next floor screeching continually on that piano?"

"Yes, since I have scrofula against killing him. He is my father."—Harper's Bazaar.

A Hat at the Bean City.

She—Oh, it's terrible! There must be iodine tear. Did you meet any coming over?

He—One. She was from Boston.

Life.

A PLUNGE IN.

by Shaker flavored cakes and washed down with a beaker of old Rhenish wine from a secret vineyard of mine in the hills of Kentucky. I dispose behind an ear which I stuck up in the sand, and plunge myself with a glad, gurgling cry into the spray, while I sputter about for an hour or so, and then return to my after, where I resume work on my new almanac for 1901, and do other literary work till my soothsayer warns me that I must desist or incur the displeasure of the board of health.

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## OF BEAUTIFUL LOCKS.

"THE CROWNING GLORY OF A WOMAN IS HER HAIR."

Here Are Directions That Will Interest Many Fair Readers—How to Dress the Hair—Formulas for Hair Washes and Scalp Lotions.

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Emma Morrell Tyng.

hot as can be explored until only the good wrought by the soap remains. Fan it dry, and do not under any circumstances put it up while it is still damp, as it will certainly smell mouldy.

Sun-burn does much to help the growth of the hair, it being an undoubted fact that the hair grows faster in warm weather than in cold, and more in the daytime than in the night, a truth from which one may learn much. Sometimes the loss, or rather lossing, of the hair comes from chronic indigestion, in which case the cause rather than the effect needs to be treated. A tonic for the hair, after the scalp has been made clean by its castile soap wash, is the following:

Peruvian bark (strong decoction) One part

Brandy . . . . . A wine-glassful

Glycerine . . . . . A table-spoonful

Mix this well and apply it to the scalp,

morning and evening, with a soft tooth brush. Remember that to wash the scalp does not mean to wash the hair, which should be carefully braided so that it will only be moistened at the roots. Much washing makes the hair streaky in color and gives it a bad odor.

"The positive cure for dandruff" is the one thing that is always in demand. The only absolute cure for it is a regular brushing of the hair every day. It is not taking care of one's hair to brush it well one day and neglect it three, but to devote a little while every day to it and to be certain that the brushes used are absolutely clean and are your own. A woman of refinement will almost as soon use another woman's tooth brush as her hair brush, and there would really be fewer diseases of the scalp if the hair brush was considered more sacred.

Advice to those about to dye is don't. When the pretty girl of today dyes her hair neither her complexion nor her eyes are, as a rule, in keeping with it, and so she powders and paints to get herself in harmony; at 30 she is old and faded, with only herself to blame. Luis, the great beauty, refused to wed an old sculptor because—a woman's reason—his hair was gray. In a day or two he returned to her with black hair and again made his proposal. Then she laughed at him and said, "How can I accept you today when I refused your father two days ago?" There is an amusing story told of Mrs. Langtry's experience with hair dye. When she was at the height of her glory in London she suddenly became possessed of a desire to make her beautiful brown locks golden, and so she did. When she saw the effect she realized what a foolish thing she had done and started off to Paris to have Anguste, the famous coiffure, get her locks back to their natural color. Luis was horrified when he saw what she had done and quickly put something on to undo the mischief.

Before the medicine had time to act the beauty started for Vienna; she reached the city wearing a heliotrope toque with a veil tied over her face, and, as she had been traveling all night, she hadn't seen herself for twelve hours.

Standing before the mirror she removed her veil and to her horror the velvet on her hat and the color of her hair were exactly the same color!

Nothing was left for her to do except to keep in seclusion and wait in patience until the golden brown locks were themselves again; however, it was a lesson she never regretted.

St. Paul's admiration of the long locks of women has done much to keep down the fancy for short hair which is occasionally born anew. It is not a fancy one should encourage, it is not womanly and is quite too suggestive of Oliver Cromwell's Roundheads; and as women are born Jacobites they ought to cling to the long locks that were the insignia of the chivalry of the Stuarts.

Next to the low, sweet voice it seems as though the most beautiful thing about a woman is "that robe which curious nature means to hang upon her head."

I. A. M.

Fancy Napkins.

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A set of napkins for use at luncheon or afternoon tea,



